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"Between the harbours of Wexford and Waterford is a tract of fertile land containing about 60 square miles, called the baronies of *Forth* and *Bargie*. The appellations are significant—*Bar* is fruitful, *Forth* is plenty, and *Gie* the sea—the names therefore indicate exactly the character of the place, a fertile and plentiful tract on the sea coast. Behind it runs a ridge of mountains and before it is the sea, so that it is in some measure insulated, and retains much of the primeval and original character of a place cut off from free intercourse with the rest of the country. It moreover lies directly opposite Cardiganshire in Wales, and certain promontories projecting to the east, approach so near to the contiguous coast as to invite the inhabitants of the other side to come over and visit it. From the earliest periods therefore, long before the Anglo-Norman invasion, a free intercourse had taken place between the two principalities, and many Irish families settled in Wales, and many Welsh in Ireland. The latter are so numerous that a large district in the county of Wexford is called *Scarla* (Welsh), and there is a long tract of Highland in the neighbouring county of Kilkenny, called the Welsh mountains, from the number of families of this name and nation which occupied them, where at this day they form a clan or sept; and as the colonization was gradually effected by free consent, and friendly intercourse, the name of Welsh is held in more esteem by the peasantry." Here it seems to be cut short. I suppose the writer intended to go on and speak of the town of Bannow situate in this fertile spot; but as its interesting history is already so accurately, and so fully discussed in your Journal, the loss is of little consequence.

In my opinion, the name "Irish Pompeii" would be better applied to this place, than Irish Herculaneum, as there was a greater similarity in their awful extinction. It may be presumed, however, that the inhabitants of Bannow were not, like those of Pompeii, involved in the common fate and ruin of their town, as they must have had warning and time enough to escape.

But what a spectacle does it now present! calculated to excite the most unpleasant and gloomy sensations, as we cast our eye on the infertile hillocks and ridges of shifting sand surrounded by hills of the same; the sea rolling on the beach close to it, still casting up its mite of sand to add to the mass—and every thing about it bespeaking nothing but wild, untamed, uncultivated nature, as if it was just emerging from its primitive chaotic rudeness. Bannow is now a dull, monotonous wilderness, nothing to relieve the eye, the only *Oasis* an old steeple peering up which still asserts its supremacy, and lifts its old head high above its former companions, who lie deeply buried beneath. And as its surface is, as mentioned before, continually agitated by every breeze that blows, no expectation need be indulged, of its being ever reclaimed from its present confused mixture of wind, and sand, and wave.

H.

THE SANDS OF ROSAPENNA.

On the Donegal Coast, in the vicinity of Horn Head, lie the Sands of Rosapenna, a scene that almost realized in Ireland the sandy desert of Arabia; a line of coast and country extending from the sea deep into the land, until it almost meets the mountain on which we stood, and exhibiting one wide waste of red sand; for miles not a blade of grass, not a particle of verdure—hills and dales, and undulating swells, smooth, solitary, desolate, reflecting the sun from their polished surface of one uniform and fleshlike hue. Fifty years ago this line of coast was as highly improved in its way as Ards, on the opposite side of the bay, now is: it was the much ornamented demesne, and contained the comfortable mansion, of Lord Boyne, an old-fashioned manorial house and gardens, planted and laid out in the taste of that time, with avenues, terraces, hedges, and statues, surrounded by walled parks, and altogether a first rate residence of a nobleman—the country around a green sheep-walk. Now not a vestige of this to be seen; one common waste of sand—one undistinguished ruin covers all. Where is the house?—under the sand—where the trees, the walks, the terraces, the green parks, and sheep-walks? all under the sand.—Lately the top of the house was visible, and the country

people used to descend by the roof into some of the apartments that were not filled up; but now nothing is to be seen. The Spirit of the Western Ocean has risen in his wrath, and realised here the description Bruce gives of the moving pillars of sand in the deserts of Sennaar; or it recalls to memory the grand description which Darwin gives of the destruction of the army of Cambyzes in the Nubian desert. Nothing, indeed, can exceed the wintry horrors of the north-westerly storm, when it sets in on this coast—and its force has been for the last half century increasing. The Atlantic bursting in, mountain-high, along the cliffs—the spray flying over the barrier mountain we were standing upon, and falling miles inland, the sand sleeting thicker and more intolerable than any hail-storm, filling the eyes, mouths, and ears of the inhabitants—levelling ditches, overtopping walls, and threatening to lay not only Rosapenna, but the whole line of coast, at some not very distant period, in one common waste and ruin.

I have been informed by a friend resident in the neighbourhood of Rosapenna, that the blowing of the sand to its present extent may be attributed to the introduction of rabbits, that were permitted to encrease, and their burrowing disturbing the bent grass which kept the sand down; the tremulous west and north-west winds on this coast began, and have continued to operate with increasing mischief. At Rutland, in that district of Donegal called the Rosses, there was expended, about forty years ago, the sum of £30,000, which expenditure was defrayed partly by Government and partly by the landlord, the Marquis of Conyngham, in order to create a town and fishing establishment on a coast that teemed with herrings. It is a curious fact, that the year after these buildings were erected and all the expense incurred, the herrings deserted the coast; and what is equally surprising—the sands began to blow, and now large ranges of lofty buildings, three or four stories high, are covered on the sea side with sand; you can walk up to the ridge poles of the roof.

POPULAR LECTURES ON THE PHYSIOLOGY OF ANIMALS.

An abstract of Dr. Henry's Eighth Lecture: THE EYE.

The eye is entitled to our attention on account of its unrivalled beauty—of its curious and delicate structure—of its uses, so varied, and so constantly occurring, that it may be considered, in the present state of society, and, especially, since the invention of printing, the great inlet of all human knowledge. By means of this organ, objects—whether near or remote—whether large or small—whether in the firmament or on the earth—are brought, as it were, into the actual presence of the understanding.

As the shape of the skull is modified, in order to afford a convenient situation for the ear, so it undergoes a still greater modification in order to afford a convenient situation for the eyes. They are lodged in two large excavations, called orbits, under the forepart of the brain. It was convenient that the eye should be placed near the brain, in order that the communication between the eye and brain should be less liable to interruption; it was necessary that the eye should be placed in a commanding situation, in order that it might have the greater extent of view; it was desirable that it should be in a sunk situation, in order that it might be safe from injury. For these reasons we find the eyes placed in the highest part of the body, very near to the brain, and, at the same time, sunk in their receptacles or cavities, and protected above by the forehead and eyebrows, at one side by the nose, and at the other by the temples. The only quarter in which the eye is exposed to injury is the forepart, which must necessarily be open in order to admit the light: but even in this quarter there are defences provided, of which we shall have occasion to speak by and bye. The eyeball is so called from its figure, which is that of a sphere, though not a perfect one. The inverting membranes, or coats of the eye, as they are commonly called, are, as we proceed from the inside outwards, 1st. the retina. On this membrane, which is perfectly transparent, the rays of light, proceeding from external objects, are collected to a focus in such a manner, that, if the

retina were opaque, images of all objects presented to the eye would be formed on it, as they are formed on the receiver of a camera obscura. From the retina these impressions are conveyed, by the optic nerve, to the brain, where the mind takes notice of them. 2dly. The middle coat of the eye, external to the retina, and concentric with it. This coat contains the principal parts of the blood destined for the nutrition of the eye. It is of a dark colour, and is rendered still darker by a pigment with which it is loaded. This coat, loaded with its pigment, is seen through the transparent retina, when we look from the interior of the eye. 3dly. The external coat, which invests the two preceding, and is concentric with them. This coat gives support to the more delicate parts within, and, at the same time, protects them from external injury. This external coat forms four-fifths of the exterior envelope of the ball, the remaining one-fifth being formed by the sight of the eye, which is that transparent part which is in the centre of the *white*, as the visible part of the exterior coat is commonly called.

The quantity of light admitted through the sight to the interior of the eye is regulated by a curtain placed behind the sight, and having, in its centre, a circular aperture, called the pupil. This curtain is called the iris: it is variously coloured in different persons; and, according to its color, the eyes are denominated black, or blue, or hazel, or grey, &c. In a weak light the curtain is drawn in on every side, until it is reduced to a mere ring, leaving the pupil very large, so as to admit as many rays as possible to the interior of the eye. On the contrary, when the light is strong, the curtain falls on every side, until the papillary aperture is contracted almost to a point, and thus the retina is effectually protected from the glare of light.

In order that objects presented to the eye should be perceived by the mind, it is necessary that the rays of light, emanating from the objects, should be brought to a focus at the retina. This is effected by the *humors*, which are situated in the interior of the ball, and are so placed that the rays of light must pass through them, in their course from the sight to the retina. The principal of these is the crystalline humor, so styled from its beautiful transparency. By anatomists it is generally called "the lens," because it exactly resembles, in shape, a convex glass lens. When this "lens," which should be crystalline and transparent, becomes opaque, it constitutes the disease called cataract; the rays of light are no longer able to reach the retina, and blindness, more or less perfect, according to the greater or less capacity of the lens, is the result. This disease is cured by extracting from the eye the opaque lens. The deficiency occasioned by the absence of the lens is supplied by means of spectacles, with very convex glasses; these glasses enable the individual who had been rendered blind by the cataract, to enjoy a very useful degree of vision.

In young persons the powers of the humours are apt to be too great, and the rays of light are brought to a focus before they arrive at the retina. In this consists shortsightedness. It is remedied by the use of concave glasses, which giving a greater divergence to the rays, before they enter the eye, the great powers of the humours barely suffice to bring the very divergent rays to a focus at the retina, and thus perfect vision is acquired.

In old age, on the contrary, the powers of the humours are not sufficient to bring the rays to a focus at the retina; convex glasses are, therefore, necessary to assist the humours. By means of this kind of glasses old persons have their failing sight restored, and are enabled to see accurately many years after the decay of the powers of the humours.

From this explanation you will understand why the eye of young persons require concave, and those of old persons convex, glasses.

[To be continued.]

Who are they who most easily gain and lose friends? Four sorts of people; the rich, the young, the powerful, and the favourites of the rich and powerful; but when the rich become poor, the young old, the powerful reduced to privacy, and the favourite disgraced, they are left like a whale on the shore.

MOVABLE MELON BEDS.

In the valley of Cashmeer there are movable beds of melons, which, in some degree, may be considered in the light of islands. The ingenious people of that valley spread a thick mat on the surface of their lake, and sprinkle it over with soil: it soon acquires a consistency, from the grass growing upon it. On the following year they sow melons and cucumbers, and reap the harvest from a boat; and thus turn to account the very surface of the lake in their rich country.

Montserrat had Irish colonists for its early settlers, and the Negroes to this day have the Connaught brogue curiously and ludicrously engrafted on the African jargon. It is said that a Connaughtman, on arriving at Montserrat, was, to his astonishment, hailed in vernacular Irish by a negro from one of the first boats that came alongside—"Thunder and turf," exclaimed Pat, "how long have you been here?"—"Three months," answered Quashy—"Three months! and so black already!! *Ha-nun a diaoul*," says Pat, thinking Quashy a ci-devant countryman, "I'll not stay among ye"; and in a few hours the Connaughtman was on his return, with a white skin, to the emerald isle."

LINES

WRITTEN ON FINDING A ROSE LYING WITHERED ON A WALK IN THE GARDEN OF A FRIEND NEAR DUBLIN.

Sweet rose, what hand could blight thee,
And crush thy blooming pride;
Sweet rose, what hand could slight thee,
And throw thee thus aside?

Sweet rose, who could bereave thee,
Of all thy freshness gay;
And then, sweet rose, could leave thee,
To wither here away?

The dew in glittering splendour,
Still clusters o'er thy breast;
The breeze still sweet and tender,
Doth woo thee to thy rest.

For it is evening hour,
And all nature seeks repose;
And each sweetly breathing flower,
Doth its tinted petals close.

But no more shall dewy morning,
With its beams of purple hue,
All thy native charms adorning
Catch an answering smile from you.

Nor where the sun's descending,
At the balmy hour of eve,
Wilt thou fondly towards him bending,
His last golden light receive.

But tho' thou canst not flourish
Or bloom in pride again,
I will not let thee perish
And wither where thou'st lain.

Then thus, sweet rose, I leave thee
Beneath thy parent tree,
Its shade will fond receive thee,
Its tears will fall on thee.

And when the smiling bowers,
Now breathing fragrance round,
Shall lose their sunny flowers,
Whose leaves shall strew the ground.

That stem from which they tore thee,
Tho' now so full of bloom,
Will shed its flowrets o'er thee,
To form thy simple tomb.

JULIAN.

DUBLIN:

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